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DIANA HEARS

NETWORK FEVER ... Gary Hart almost hit ABC's little whoop-de-do here, celebrating Ted Koppel's five years manning "Nightline." But his office buzzed first. What about the Star Quotient? they asked. Would Joan Collins or Linda Evans be there? Well, no, said the ABCers. So Gary didn't go. But it all got quite peppy anyway. Barbara Walters flew in specially, with chum Roy Cohn. The South African Ambassador and ABCer Ken Walker — who'd been to South Africa with Ted — grinned at each other. Assorted twinklies from the Soviet Embassy swapped vibes with the two newlywed ex-CIAers, Bill Colby and Stansfield Turner. Mr. Demo, Bob Strauss, howdied with Republican honcho Frank Fahrenkopf. Roone Arledge, the ABC news Prez, and honoree Ted Koppel languished in the receiving line for two whole hours, as acolytes tripped up bearing their drinks. "Room Service!" cried David Brinkley when his turn as cupbearer came. (Or was it "Roone Service"? Everyone laughed and laughed, anyway.) "They put me next to the door in case I say something embarrassing — so I can be yanked back through it," said Ted. But of course, he didn't. He said *super* things. To Nouveau Republican Jeane Kirkpatrick: "Did they immerse you in Chablis for the

Conversion?" To someone else: "It's inevitable that anyone who squeezes bathroom tissue on television is going to become a celebrity!" As A-Listers like Cap Weinberger and John Block and Sam Pierce and Maggie Heckler trundled in, Roone waved his unlit Castro Cuba cigar. ("Peter Ueberroth got it for me while he was trying to squeeze Cuba into the Olympics," he explained.) Pollster Pat Caddell, his piebald beard all wild and whiskery, bobbed by to pay homage to the Tubers, then darted off to another party to cheer Fritz Mondale back aboard his law firm. Marvin Stone, ex-editor of US News and World Report, and Shelby Coffey, the new one, beamed at each other with wary bonhomie, like wolves who've just sorted out which one runs the pack. Arthur Miller, the legal eagle for Good Morning America, grumbled that Gossip Norma Nathan had spilled the beans on his wife suing him for divorce before he'd even gotten the papers. (That, Arthur, is what gossips are *for*.) And stock gadfly Evelyn Y. Davis, who owns bits of ABC, went round flashing her very fine face-lift, and darkly warning that ABC Veeps will bite the dust by the dozen now that Capital's bought them. "How do you shut this goddam party off?" Ted finally enquired. No good, Ted. It's still humming on, somewhere in Washington. Stick with Ear.